But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them [4],—

TIM. *I* pr'ythee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.

ALCIB. *I* am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Ti-mon.

TIM. How dost th6u pity him, whom thou dost trouble ? I had rather be alone.

ALCIB. Why, fare thee well: Here's some gold for thee.

TIM. Keep't, I cannot eat it,

ALCIB. When I have laid proud Athens on a heap,—

TIM. Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens ?

ALCIB. Ay, Timon, and have cause.

TIM. The gods confound them all F thy conquest ; and Thee after, when thou hast conquer'd:

ALCIB. Why me, Timon ?

TIM. That, By killing villains, thou wast born to conquer My country. Put up thy gold ; Go on,—here's gold,— go on; Be as a planetary plague, when Jove Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison In the sick air[5]: Let not thy sword skip one :

4 — trod upon them,] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads—" had trod upon them." Shakspeare was not thus minutely accurate. MALONE,

s Be as a planetary plague, when Jove Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison In the sick air:] This is wonderfully sublime and picturesque. WARRURTON.

We meet with the same image in King Richard II.:

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" Devouring *pestilence hangs* in our *air*"

MALONK. The same idea occurs in Chapman's version of the sixth Iliad:

"----------and therefore *hangs, I* fear,

" *A plague above* him." STEEVENS,